The Holt County Sentinel.

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When Other Folks Go Wrong

I'm sorter a fergivin' cuss
When other folks go wrong.
I try to never make such fuss
Er criticise 'em strong,
Because, when I hear folks has slid
Into the crooked way
I think perhaps I might of did
The same, if I was they.

I ain't DONE much so awful—yet—
But I have THOU'GHT real crime,
And if the proper push I'd get
At jest the proper time,
I MIGHT get wrong, like some folks has
That seemed as good as me—
It's hard to tell, not knowin' as
What their temptations be.

It's my idee we all is bad
And all is good at heart,
And what we make ourselves, my lad,
Depends on jest which part—
The good er bad—we work most on,
Which we develops best.
'Twon't hurt you none to ponder, son,
How you'd stand in a test.

They both is humans made of clay,
The noblest and the worst,
And with reversed conditions they
Might find their lives reversed;
The worst feel noble now and then,
And vicy-versa, likewise,
And few of us our feller men
Has room to criticise.

So when folks to the dorgs has went
Let's not too much condemn,
But, if we want 'em to repent,
Feel pitiful fer them;
With all OUR weaknesses in mind—
Lord knows my list is long!
Let's try to sorter jest be kind
When other folks go wrong.

Lee Shippey.

On to Mexico.

American troops will cross the border line into Mexico whenever it shall become necessary to stop firing into American territory. In ordering additional troops to El Paso to cope with the situation there in the event of an attack of revolutionists on the Mexican city of Juarez, the Washington government determined that there should be no repetition of the incidents of the Madero revolution when several Americans in El Paso and Douglas, Ariz., were killed by flying bullets from the opposing forces across the border.

In case of fighting across the border line in the future, the American commanders have been instructed by the War Department to send the usual notices that American lives and property shall not be endangered. If this notice is not heeded, and a zone of safety respected, the American troops are directed not to hesitate to go into Mexican territory to enforce a proper degree of protection for American citizens.

To Incorporate.

Messrs. W. H. Smith, L. C. Nowles, Wm. Hulatt, J. H. Fickes, Wm. DeBord, A. Crider and H. K. Noel, of Clay township, were here Friday last, in consultation with W. H. Richards, looking to the incorporation of their local telephone—The Farmers' Mutual Telephone Company, of Maitland, and the legal phases were gone over, and it is likely they will incorporate in the near future.

There are 21 local lines with 325 phones in the organization, and its annual financial report shows they did a business during the year ending January 11, 1912, of $4,349, and an expenditure of $4,183, leaving a net balance of $166 on hand.

THE SENTINEL acknowledges a most enjoyable visit from these representative citizens, and trust they will be able to make us another visit soon. It made us feel better every way by their coming.

In the Ring.

"I will accept the nomination for president if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference," is Colonel Roosevelt's reply to the letter of seven Republican governors asking him to stand for nomination.

This decision did not in our opinion create any surprise in political circles, in view of his laconic remark in Cleveland that "My hat is in the ring."

The fight for the nomination is now on in earnest, between Mr. Taft and Roosevelt, and it remains to be seen what the seven governors can do to secure Mr. Roosevelt's nomination.

If You Owned Oregon.

"If you owned Oregon, what would you do?"

The question was a "starter" for several of the men to whom it was put.

"Why," one of them said, in an awed voice, "that's a 'poser' of a question." But honestly, said one of our citizens, on being asked the question as he stood on the VanBuskirk corner.

If I owned Oregon and was a Mason or an Odd Fellow, I would see to it that the exterior of this prominent corner had two or three coats of paint. What a change for the better it would make in the appearance of that part of the city.

ONE HUNDRED BANQUETERS

Oregon's Annual Municipal Banquet is Brilliant Success---Good Music, Good Speeches and Good Menu

Oregon's business men gave their annual banquet at the Gem Theatre, Thursday evening of last week, Washington's birthday, and it brought together an even one hundred of her hustling, enterprising citizens, who make it a rule to get together once annually around the festal board, and touch elbows, and talk over what has been done and what more may be done for the best interests of our city.

Without the beating of tomtoms, the committee on arrangements, consisting of Messrs. Charles Koock, B. H. Dawson, C. E. Munn, and Claud Williams, got busy, selected the date, placed the feeding in the hands of the social circle club of the Presbyterian church, and the result proved to be one of the most enjoyable affairs ever put up in the history of our little city an affair in every detail which would have reflected credit upon a city of 10,000 population.

It is a characteristic of Oregon to do things; not talk not words, mere words; but deeds, that stamp her as one of the most progressive cities of our state. She is an up-to-date city; a modern city of the 4th class. She owns her own electric light and water plant; she has built a hotel, a canning factory, a railroad, and her last progressive move was the donation of $10,000 to the county for the purpose of building an addition to the court house, and modernizing it in equipment. There was no noise or bluster about these things. The men about the banquet table were the men that push things, and do things for the city's good.

The spirit of good-fellowship, patriotism, and civic loyalty was on every hand, and in full keeping with the historical event of Feb. 22—George Washington, Betsy Ross, and Abraham Lincoln, whose faces adorned the walls of the banquet room, were with the gay, jubilant, joyous crowd in spirit, and the enthusiasm and good cheer that prevailed knew no bounds. Every one present "got full," to overflowing with the many good things furnished the stomach by the ladies' five-course menu; and the intellectual and educational treats furnished by the speakers and music, put their digestive apparatus in the best of working order.

Let this delightful dinner be the inception of the new idea a public park. May its bright and charming contagion spread from individual to individual and family to family until all are inoculated with its healthful virus. Let us individually and collectively stand for beautiful Oregon. For those who have aided most in making our little city what she is, who have developed her wealth and industries, her culture, refinement and prosperity—and the Oregon of the future will be brilliant with all that goes to make an ideal, thriving home city.

The decorations for this occasion were especially elaborate, and in keeping with the date, patriotic in character. At regular intervals down the center of the long table were flags and each place was marked with programs, the covers handsomely embossed with the face of the "Father of Our Country," in the folds of the banner he loved so well—the Stars and Stripes. From the corners of the room to the light fixtures were artistically draped garlands of red, white and blue. The walls of the banquet hall were hung with "Old Glory" and pictures of patriotic subjects. The east wall, back of the speakers' places, was especially interesting, being completely covered with a large flag against which was hung a life size picture of George Washington as a Master Mason.

This portrait done in oil is the property of the Masonic Lodge of this city, and is the work of Alec. Bevan, an early day citizen and regarded as an artist of more than ordinary ability.

Altogether the hall presented a most pleasing picture and one that will ever remain upon the memory of each banqueter.

There were features galore and speeches aplenty, with an appetizing menu, faultlessly served, exquisite vocal, and instrumental music—these put a joyousness into the affair that will ever linger in the minds of those present with pleasure, and adds another golden page to the history of our little city, and when "good night" came to be said by the jolly banqueters, they departed for home, the happiest, merriest, jolliest crowd of citizens, that had ever come together on a similar occasion, since 1841.

Things began to move at 8:30 o'clock when the banqueters began to march into the banquet room, in five details led by C. J. Koock, C. E. Munn, Andrew Tochterman, R. G. Ruley and George Seeman, and arranged themselves around the table shaped to a "horseshoe" form. All remained standing, and all joined in singing "America," led by the orchestra.

Rev. L. C. Powell offered an earnest, eloquent invocation, and President Bridgeman addressed the assembly, and congratulated them on coming together on the occasion of the birthday of him who was first in war, peace and the hearts of his countrymen; he believed these meetings were conducive for the good of the city, in every phase of our life, and did not think it impractical to have a meeting of this character, even monthly or quarterly. His talk was brief, and simple, but particularly happy. On closing he invited the guests to be seated, and the banqueters enjoyed a set of patriotic moving pictures, by Thatcher & Rostock, and was a happy innovation. Mrs. Sue Kiplinger-Davis sang "Columbia" in her usual sweet manner her voice was in fine condition, and it was a number that helped greatly to put the right spirit into every banqueter, who manifested their appreciation by rising to their feet and applauding by three times three, clap of the hands. On her encore she sang, "The G. A. R." and during her singing, "Old Glory" with the face of Washington, was thrown upon the canvas.

The first course was then served by the ladies, during which Miss Rothermel at the piano, and B. H. Ringler, the violin, of St. Joseph, furnished the music and this was followed through the evening while the various courses were being served. Mr. Ringler also gave a trombone solo. They gave a splendid musical program, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The toastmaster then introduced Rev. L. C. Powell, who responded to the toast, "Our Country: The Admiration of the World, The Pride of Every American: Great in All Things, Small in Nothing."

Rev. Powell is a patriotic soul; and wore the blue during the late "unpleasantness." He briefly went into the history of our country, showing the struggles of our Pilgrim fathers; the causes that led up to the revolution, and glory in the priceless heritage of liberty that under God has descended to us because of it. The sacrifices and sufferings of the revolution were unparalleled in history. It was not "my lord," Sir Duke" here; it was simply Bill, Teddy, Abe, Champ. He spoke of our wonderful progress, and our wonderful capacity for doing things. We were indeed a great country, and were ever doing great things, and there was no reason why we should not be the admiration of the world. The happy climax of the civil war, and the scenes of Appomatox were eloquently referred to, and with all our struggles, not a single star had been lost from the field of Old Glory, but were adding a star now and then.

Judge S. F. O'Fallon responded to the toast, "Recreation and Play Are as Essential for the Physical Development as a Lubricant for a Steam Engine: Hence, Oregon Needs a Public Park, Where the Old May Recreate and Our Children Have a Public Play Ground."

The Judge remarked that no gift to the present and future citizens of Oregon could equal the gift of a tract of land for a public park. If united as we are, we accomplish most anything. All things after all center about the home; we must live, and a park goes far toward helping us to live—and to live in a more healthful condition. Fortunate for us as a people we had no idle rich, no real poverty; we as a people were in good circumstances, and it was time for us to begin thinking about making life more pleasant, and he knew of nothing that would prove of more benefit to our people than a public park—for it is for all—the old and young; the rich and poor alike. To him it seemed there should be something more in life than the mere chasing after the dollars. One of the greatest disgraces of today is the selling of the multi-millionares' daughters for a mere title. He referred eloquently to the gift of a park to our sister city of Forest City, and characterized it as a monument to the giver, Geo. Weber, (applause) more stately and lasting than bronze a legacy that all are justly proud of and so would it be for Oregon, if a like condition would come to us a people.

We need a park, and should have it, we need it not only for its healthfulness, but for religious and educational purposes—our chautauqua outdoor sports; and the many other purposes that help so much to move a town upward and onward.

We all have lived in this good old town,
And are proud to call it home;
When we get our city park
We will never care to roam.
It will take a few years to accomplish this,
But we must all agree.
There's no room for a knocker here,
And he had better twenty-three.

It only takes a few years for a town to have to keep in the middle of the road for them to appreciate what a little piece of God's out of doors means to them and children.

The second course was then served.

Prof. Brooks spoke to the toast, "Civic Courtesy: An Essential in the Advancement and Development of Any City." He said civic courtesy was an essential to the progress of any city. It was the oil which lubricates the wheels of society, prevents friction, keeps down wear, and eliminates jar and squeaking, and makes it possible for a number of people to live together pleasantly. There was also business courtesy, but civic courtesy was more than all these—it is the glad hand, the pleasant smile, the cheery word, not only to the stranger within our gates, but to the sojourner beyond our boundary. It is the pleasing attitude of the civic organization, the body politic, the community as a whole toward the world outside its corporate limits. It is the continuous welcome to the stranger. The constantly getting acquainted. It is more than turning over the keys of the city to guests on a special occasion. It means unlocking all the doors of the community and throwing the key away. That each of us, every day may treat every man as our guest who comes within our borders, and make him feel at home. The citizens of this town were made up of just as good material as compose the citizenship of any town in this country. We have the energy, the money, the nerve, the culture and courtesy to make a paradise in this corner of the state. He had found more of the real stuff out of which clean, beautiful, comfortable, prosperous towns are made right here than any other spot the same size he had ever put foot on, and he had been around a little.

County Superintendent of Schools Earl A. Rock responded to the toast, "Our Public Schools: The Gibraltar Upon Which Rests the Future of Our Republic."

The republic he believed safe, that maintained an army of 20,000,000 school children. The nation with one-fifth the school children of the world, and only one-fifteenth of the world's population, and expending 500 millions, under the care of a half million teachers was a nation that was, in his opinion, in no immediate danger of tottering or falling. It was as firm to stand the test of ages, as Gibraltar resists the waves of the mighty ocean. A state that has 1 million school children expending nearly $2,000,000 annually; a county having 4,500 and expending $6,000 annually for their education, is in no immediate danger of going to the bad. Our public school system was the great bulwark of the nation and the states.

Third course came on and the band did play.

Mr. Joe H. Murray spoke on "Your Success; Our Success: The Prosperity of Our People Rests With Our Country Friends." He began his remarks by going back to the days when he was a lad, and of the early day 4th of July celebrations; of the general cordiality that was extended the farmers who came to Oregon, and how that cordiality was still manifest, but noted the marked contrast of conditions thirty years ago and today. He deprecated this hue and cry, "No chance for a poor man to get a farm"—today the poor man, if he has the right stuff in him, can get a farm, and with little cash down, and make a success, if he will. He showed the difference in prices of farm products today and thirty years ago. We had made wonderful strides. If any one in 1876 had foretold half what we are accomplishing today, no one would have believed him. He did not believe it the proper thing to send abroad for goods whether the farmer or city dweller. Every dollar sent away is lost to us forever, and is like taking that much blood from the financial arteries of our community. The location of the town was ideal and being on the main line of The Oregon Interurban railway, had proven of great benefit to town and the surrounding country. It was plainly to be seen the improved condition of the farming class; we see the farmer as an independent class, yet dependent on the town or city for his markets, and we plainly see without the farmers' aid our various business interests would suffer greatly—in fact, our interests are mutual, for whatever helps the one necessarily helps the other.

Dr. Whitmer, the club's wit, was next on the program, and his toast, "What Kind of 'Lasses Are You Making?" was handled so cleverly that throughout his talk one drank in the clever thrusts at the chronic grumbler, fault finder and critic that class of citizens who never made a success at anything but "knocking," but could "in their own mind," run everybody else's business to a "fare-you-well." He was charitable enough to say it seemed just a characteristic of mankind to be the chronic critic, and expect a degree of perfection impossible to be attained. The most proficient usually becomes the most scathing in their criticisms. He believed we should first ask ourselves, "What am I doing" rather than ask the neighbor, "What kind of 'lasses are you making?" He believed the most profitable quality was to know one's self. It was much easier on the part of some to excuse their own mistakes than those of others. Some are eternally finding flies in the municipal syrup, but they cannot themselves remove the flies, and some are anxious to be the chief 'lasses maker. The Doctor did not lose a laurel—he maintained his reputation, and Mortie Martin says, that is a big bouquet. His remarks were so pleasing that it put the banqueters in a splendid humor to receive their

Fourth course.

Owing to illness Mr. L. I. Moore, who had been assigned to the toast, "Not So Long, but Just as Wide Our Interurban Railroad," was unable to be present and sent his regrets, with a letter which President Bridgeman read, and expressed the regrets of those present of the necessary absence of Mr. Moore, one of our very best, wide-awake, progressive citizens; one who is ever in line with those who do things for the advancement and development of our city. Mr. Moore's letter said:

OREGON, Mo., Feb. 22, 1912.

MR. R. B. BRIDGEMAN, PRESIDENT

DEAR SIR:—I am very sorry indeed that I cannot be with you this evening on account of my physical condition.

Am also sorry to report to you that I have not prepared a "Talk" on the subject assigned me, because I believe it is a subject that every citizen of the city is interested in. There is no question in my mind but what our railroad is just as much benefit to the average citizen of our city as all the railroads that run into St. Joseph are a benefit to the average citizen of that city.

In 1911 we handled twenty-five million, one hundred and forty-four thousand pounds of freight and four hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of express, or an average of 81,950 pounds per day for every working day of the year. What would our old-time freighter, Jim Oliver, do, hauling our freight from Forest City with his one team of ponies as he used to do?

Stand by our railroad, it is the best thing that ever happened for Oregon, it is BROAD enough for us all to stand on, so push and pull all the time for it and it will go.

Personally I am with you for everything that will be a benefit for Oregon and her citizens.

Respectfully, L. I. MOORE.

Prof. Coburn, of Chillicothe, was assigned to the toast, "Get Together," but he could not come, and Elder B. H. Dawson was pressed into the service by the toastmaster, and he filled the place both physically and mentally, most admirably. He urged our people to get together on all propositions that would benefit the city. Theorizing never built a town; it is the practical getting together that counts—it was this spirit that built Chicago and Kansas City. The only way to do things was to get together and stay as close together as the Siamese twins. The way to get a park was to get together and keep pushing to attain the end, and in time he believed it would come. The center of thought and action one goal to reach in 1912—a public park.

This closed the regular order, and the toastmaster toasted the ladies who had so graciously cared for the 100 banqueters, and called on Judge O'Fallon, who paid a beautiful tribute to them, and characterized their effort on this occasion as being beyond criticism, in any phase of their efforts—either as to elaborateness of the menu; or the systematic, orderly and precise manner of service, and the speedy manner of delivery of the changes.

Goodnight was said, and every one went home prouder than ever of his little city, and proud of the fact that Oregon is so fortunate in having such an organization as the "social circle" of the Presbyterian church.

The Annual Trek.

In some sections of the country the first day of March marks the termination of the farm year, in others January 1 is the time. Upon these dates all farm tenants either renew their leases for a term of one or more years or else vacate and seek a new and, if possible, a more favorable location.

Many confine their farming efforts to one certain community, from time to time moving until they have gone the weary rounds and their sons take up the futile labor where their sires left off. Others seem to have inherited the restless spirit of their pioneer fathers and tirelessly seek new homes in distant states.

As has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns heretofore, where one man really betters himself financially by moving, 20 are fortunate if they succeed in landing as good a location in their new community as they had in their old, to say nothing of the expenses attendant upon the change.

Sometimes these changes are made not because the person moving really is convinced that he can financially better himself by such a step, but because he has grown tired of the old haunts and longs for new fields, and more especially for new scenery and new faces.

But granting that a man is sincere in thinking that his fortune demands a change, how many really go to the trouble and expense of carefully sizing up the prospective location? Many go upon the advice of some former neighbor who writes glowing letters from the prospective home. Even those who make a survey which at best is a brief one are scarcely fitted to carefully judge. How fair an estimate could a stranger get of Missouri should he happen along upon an extremely good year or an extremely poor one?

Thousands of Missourians leave this great commonwealth annually for new homes in the west and south, burn all their bridges behind them, and and thoroughly regret their act before they have been in their new and "promised" land more than a month.

That changes are expensive and, at best, speculative affairs, every experienced business man will testify. That there is more to a man's methods and system than to his location the abundant successes of men in unfavored localities are an eloquent testimonial.

And so, my friend, if you are one of those who are so unfortunate as to be dissatisfied with your surroundings, whether because you do not own your own farm or because you do, before you take part in the "annual trek" to unknown parts, take a good look within and if you still feel the gnawing, at least be sure that you are really bettering yourself, or else stay where you are.

When you think of leaving Holt county just remember these facts—that during the droughty year of 1894, we shipped as surplus products, 121,800 bushels of wheat; 686,100 bushels of corn; 21,195 head of cattle; 47,780 head of hogs; 204,262 bushels of apples, and 1,500,000 pounds of canned goods. Notwithstanding the long drought of 1901, the value of the surplus products of Holt was $1,546,381.

There is no better land; no better conditions anywhere on the earth's surface than are found within the territory comprising the Platte Purchase.